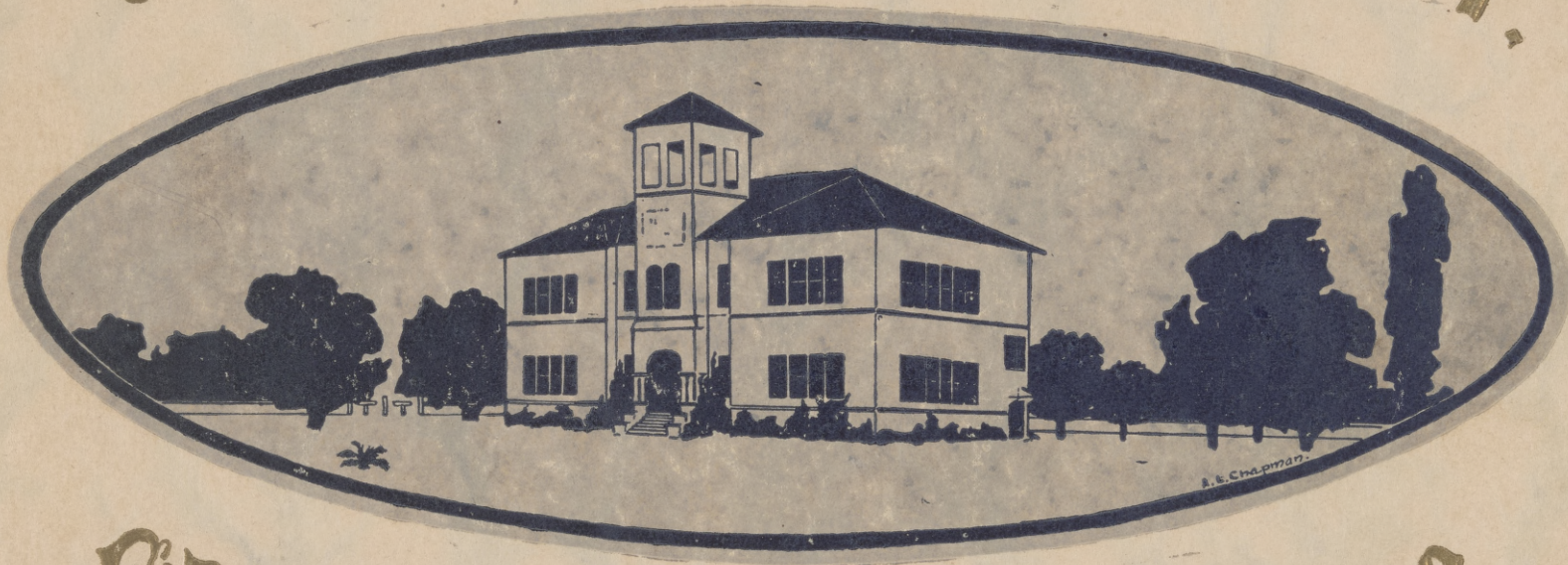
THE BLUE AND GRAY.



CLASS OF 1908.

MUPHA
#296

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PIONEER & HISTORICAL
ASSOCIATION

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Nothing Without Labor.

Dedicatory

To Miss Alice Williston, whose kindly interest extended toward us during our sojourn in the Mountain View High School has been so greatly appreciated, We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight, dedicate this number of "The Blue and Gray."

Course of Study of the Mountain View High School.

(BY SUBJECT)

FIRST YEAR	REC.	UNITS
English	5	1
Algebra	5	1
Latin	5	1
Ancient History	5	1
Physical Geography	5	1
Drawing	5	½
Bookkeeping	3	1
Commercial Arithmetic	2	
Commercial Geography	3	1
Commercial Spelling	1	
Penmanship	1	

SECOND YEAR	REC.	UNITS
English	5	1
Geometry (Plane)	5	1
Latin	5	1
M. & M. History	5	1
Drawing	5	½
Bookkeeping	3	1
Commercial Law	2	
Commercial Spelling	1	½
Penmanship	1	
Correspondence	1	

THIRD YEAR	REC.	UNITS
English	5	1
Alg. Theory	5	½
Solid Geometry	5	½
Latin	5	1
German	5	1
Chemistry	5	1
Botany	5	1
Eng. History	5	1
Mech. Drawing	5	1
Stenography	5	½
Typewriting	5	½
Drawing	5	1

FOURTH YEAR	REC.	UNITS
English	5	1
Latin	5	1
Trigonometry	5	½
U. S. History and Civics	5	1
Physics	5	1
German	5	1
Mech. Drawing	5	1
Stenography	5	½
Typewriting	5	½

Two Forms of Literary Programs.

PROGRAM 1

FIRST YEAR—English, Algebra, History (Ancient), Latin

SECOND YEAR—English, Geometry, History, Latin

THIRD YEAR—English, Drawing, History, Latin

FOURTH YEAR—English, Drawing, History, Physics, Latin

PROGRAM 2

FIRST YEAR—English, Algebra, History, Latin

SECOND YEAR—English, Geometry, History, Latin

THIRD YEAR—English or Latin, German, Mathematics, Chemistry

FOURTH YEAR—English or Latin, History, Physics, German, Drawing

Two Forms of Scientific Programs.

PROGRAM 3

FIRST YEAR—English, Algebra, Physical Geograhy, Latin

SECOND YEAR—English, Geometry, Drawing, Latin

THIRD YEAR—Mathematics, Drawing, Mechanical Drawing, German, Botany, Chemistry

FOURTH YEAR—Mathematics, Physics, German, United States History and Civics

PROGRAM 4

FIRST YEAR—English, Algebra, Physical Geography, German

SECOND YEAR—English, Geometry, German, Drawing

THIRD YEAR—English, Mathematics, Drawing, Mechanical Drawing, Chemistry

FOURTH YEAR—English, Mathematics, Physics, United States History

A Form of Commercial Program.

PROGRAM 5

FIRST YEAR
English
Algebra
Commercial Arithmetic } Bookkeeping
Commercial Geography } Spelling } Penmanship

SECOND YEAR
English
Geometry
Bookkeeping } Commercial Law
Commercial Spelling } Penmanship } Correspondence
Drawing

THIRD YEAR
English
Botany or Chemistry
Stenography
German
Bookkeeping
Typewriting
Drawing

FOURTH YEAR
United States History and Civics
Physics
German
Stenography
Advanced Bookkeeping
Typewriting

—A. L. Dornberger

Gritty Salt

EARLE ADAMS '09

HE day before the Cornell-Princeton game had arrived, and everywhere reigned bustle and excitement. Groups stood on the street corners or sat in rooms in every town in New England and discussed the teams' standing. Small hope could be found for Cornell, notwithstanding the fact that they were generally the winning side. The team had shown up very poorly in the last game with West Point and had barely won out to the tune of nine to six, while Princeton had shown up in fine form all season.

Our scene opens in the Latin recitation room of Cornell University, where even the sedateness of Livy could not expel thoughts of the game. Conversation was going on in Latin about Cornell's chances. A large, strong boy was speaking. He said in Latin, "We will beat Princeton." Every one turned towards him, as he was one of the players, and usually very quiet in recitation work. Some one else then said, "Good boy, Jack." Then a girl, in fact THE GIRL, leaned over from her seat and said, "If you don't win, you are not worth your salt, Jack."

Had he heard correctly? Was she challenging him? He felt that she must think him the whole team, and said so.

"No, I don't, but the whole team won't be worth any more than you."

"But, your brother, you know, he plays tac—"

"Yes, but he is no better than any of the rest of you," she replied.

"Good," he said. "Well, we'll see." He gritted his teeth and vowed he would win if he had to be the whole team himself.

The day of the great game broke fair and cool. It was an ideal day, the day of all days. A gentle breeze was blowing, and the birds, unconscious of the fact that the humans below were plotting gentle warfare upon each other, sang and hopped from twig to twig in the full joy of living.

At eight o'clock our hero—Jack—might have been seen in the training quarters eating his breakfast with fifteen other boys, while, between the bites of rolls and beefsteak, the coach would call—"Seventy-one—sixty-four—ninety-seven, Johnston."

"Between center and guard," would be the reply.

"Sixty-one—eighty-five—one hundred five, Brooks."

"Full around left end."

"Ninety-seven—sixty-eight—fifty-four, Wilson."

"Quarter-back around end."

After breakfast the coach said, "Now, boys, go and rest. You will need all of your strength this afternoon. Above all, don't go around the streets showing off. I need not say that, perhaps. Meet here at eleven thirty sharp for a hearty meal. Go now."

They went, some to their quarters, others to the library. But at eleven thirty they were back again. This time they were nervous, despite the coach's soothing remarks. They had heard that Princeton's team had come down on the ten twenty-five and a hearty looking bunch they were. Their supporters, confident of victory, were taking all good money four to one.

"I saw them, boys," the coach said. "They are a husky bunch, all right, but they have no speed. We can play all around them. You mark my word. Now, stop thinking of the game. You will be there plenty soon enough."

At one o'clock the boys repaired to the dressing rooms and for three-quarters of an hour alcohol and witch hazel reigned supreme, while the doctor went around adjusting an ankle brace here, and putting on a bandage there.

At two o'clock the teams were ready. "Come, boys, we're going to win," said Cornell's captain. Cornell trotted out on the field amid the deafening cheers of the multitude which had arranged itself around the field, tier on tier. The team formed a circle and passed the ball from one to another gracefully, as if it were made of something they were proud of, and so it was. The good old pigskin never served a better purpose.

Then Princeton's team came out. The cheers were deafening. Somewhere among the crowd a balloon with a banner attached, bearing the figure of a tiger with its paw on a bulldog's neck, was let loose. It soared out of sight in the blue heavens.

The whistle blows. The captains of the teams advance, shake hands, while the referee balances a coin on his finger. He flips it into the air.

"Heads," calls Princeton's captain.

"Heads it is. Well, which do you want?"

"The kick-off."

"I'll defend the south goal," said Cornell's captain. Then running to his team called, "We defend the south goal. Line up to receive."

The cheering has subsided by this time into organized yells, as one college replies to the cheers of the other.

The whistle blows, the game is on. Up into the air sails the ball. It twirls slowly, starts on its return and comes straight at Jack, who stretches out his arms. He feels it in his grasp, he starts, runs like a deer to his fifty yard line where he is downed, amid the wild cheers of his college.

The teams line up, they clash, the ball is advanced.

First down—second down—first down—second down—third down—five yards to go. They lose the ball. Princeton gets it on her forty-five yard line. The teams line up. Straight through the center comes the ball for five yards. Princeton cheers wildly—but it is only momentarily. Her full-back lies stretched on the ground. A wild cry of dismay breaks from a thousand throats, only to be turned into a cheer as he staggers to his feet and resumes play.

Five—ten—fifteen—twenty yards. The ball is now on Cornell's thirty yard line where she holds, recovers possession of the ball and starts down the field. The ball is fumbled. A Princeton man falls on it, and Cornell's supporters groan. Ten—twenty—thirty yards are covered, and Cornell is on her five yard line with the ball in the enemy's possession.

"First down—four yards to goal."

"Second down—three yards to goal."

"Third down—one yard to goal."

"Touchdown."

Princeton's section jumps to its feet, cheers and waves banners madly, while her team turns somersaults on the field. Cornell is silent and her team stands under the goal posts while the goal is kicked, making the score six to nothing, in Princeton's favor.

The teams line up. The ball is kicked, but the referee's whistle blows and the first half is over.

The teams repair to their dressing rooms in silence, and once inside the doors, Cornell's coach swears that the men are not playing the game. "Brace up, you fellows. You have them cinched if you take your chance. Johnston, get around that interference. You can do it, man. It is all in front. Once behind, you have them at your mercy."

Jack—although he heard—was thinking only of the sentence. "If you don't win, you are not worth your salt, Jack." He groaned inwardly, gritted his teeth and murmured, "I will, I WILL!"

Alcohol and witch hazel again reigned, while the little doctor perspired and swore deftly to himself as he worked over his bandages and ankle supporters.

"Time's up, boys. Fight hard, HARD," so said the captain as he shook each member of the team by the hand.

The game is resumed. The kick-off lands well in Princeton's territory, where the receiver is tackled almost in his tracks. Up and down, from one team to the other, the ball goes until it rests on Cornell's four yard line once more. Here a mighty reaction takes place, and the ball is rushed towards Princeton's goal in a series of brilliant end plays. When on the twenty yard line, Cornell's quarter calls for a place kick for goal. Eager and anxious, the crowd watches the players as the ball is passed, placed and kicked—squarely between the goal posts. A mighty cheer goes up. The Cornell section rise to its feet in unison and deafening cheers are thundered around the amphitheater. The score stands six to four.

The ball is put in play from Princeton's twenty-five yard line. It is kicked to Jack, who misjudges it, and it passes over his head just out of reach. A groan escapes from his lips and he murmurs, "Salt." Turning, his head whirls, he runs and secures the ball, only to be tackled and downed on his ten yard line. The quarter-back runs up, glances at him and says, "Rotten. Here is your chance to make good." He calls, "Fifty-six—thirty-five—ninety-nine,"—Jack's signal around right end. He shuts his eyes, grits his teeth and hisses, "Salt, salt, SALT." The ball is passed. It is passed to him. He seizes it with a grim determination, swings to the right behind his interference, and grinds his way through the players.

His interference goes down. Left alone, he knows not what to do. Scarcely a second passes, while through his brain runs, "Salt, salt, salt." Dodging here and there, eluding one man by straight arming him and another by dodging, he finally finds the coast clear, with only Princeton's quarter-back crouching in front. Behind him some one yells, "Run, man, run, while through his brain it comes, "Salt, salt, salt." The goal posts at the opposite end beckon him, the lines stretched out beneath his feet smile encouragement, while the rooters are yelling, "Jack Johnston, Johnston, Johnston!" The quarter-back is near him, he starts on his tackle rush, but Jack stops short and the quarter is measured out his full length on the ground. Lightly Jack springs over his body, only to feel his ankle grasped by the determined quarter-back. He feels himself falling, pulls violently and is free. But his ankle is twisted. He tries to step, but falls. He grits his teeth, rises, staggers, feels himself going and suddenly hears in his mind's ear, "Salt, salt, salt." He makes one final attempt, but the enemy is close upon him. Rising, he rushes, groans, stumbles, groans again and keeps on running. He hears a wild cheer break from the Cornell section, but he heeds it not. He only hears, "Salt, salt, salt." He falls, rises to his knees, crawls on the ground, struggles to his feet and pitches forward on his face. Rolling and struggling he hears a voice in his ear. "All right, old man, you are fifteen yards the other side of the goal. We need the ball to kick the extra point."

"Oh, I guess I—salt, salt"—and he sinks into unconsciousness. He comes to himself with the pleasant feeling of cold water on his ankle. He tries to rise but is held back. "The game is over, old man. You won it. Lie still," the coach says.

That night at the banquet, his partner, a blue-eyed girl, leans over to him and says, "Please pass the salt, Jack?"

"Salt? Oh, yes, which do you want, dear?"

"Which?" she blushingly asks. "Both, Jack, but pass me the salty salt, not the gritty salt, just now."

A Wife's Postscript

JOSEPH PASAOL '11

MRS. BLANK, wife of an American resident in Callao, wished to buy a silk dress suitable to wear at the reception of the officers of the American fleet. She desired samples from the firm of Luzuriaga Garrido y Cia, but she could not write Spanish and L. G. y C. used only Spanish in their correspondence.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed. "Oh! I have it. John will write the letter for me."

"O John, will you write a letter for me in Spanish to L. G. y C? Ask them to send me samples of their latest and best silks. Make it plain so that they may understand what I want."

Mr. Blank wrote the following in Spanish:

"Messrs. L. G. y C.,

Sirs:

Have the kindness to send me samples of your best dress-silk in latest shades.

Truly yours,

Mrs. Blank."

Completing the letter, he hurried to his office.

Mrs. Blank looked at the letter and exclaimed, "Oh! how short! They will never understand what I want from such a letter as this. I think I'll write below in English. They must understand it."

She wrote:

"P. S. My husband wrote this letter for me this morning, but he was in such a hurry to go to his office that he made it so short, I am sure that you will never understand what I want. I was going to send to the firm of Gonzalez and Enriquez, but I saw Miss Smith yesterday at a tea party, and she wore a dress bought at your store. It was a beautiful London Smoke. She had Miss Ramona make it. She does beautiful sewing and I think I will have her make mine. I should like a piece of the same quality as you sent Miss Smith. I think you had better send me several samples of your latest shades. I know you will be prompt. I think you will understand what I want, so I'll close now, as I am in a great hurry to go to a bridge party over at the Casino. At three o'clock this afternoon I'll be back, and I want to see that they are here. Give them to my boy who will take this let-

ter. He is a good boy, and you can trust him. Don't fail to send me the same kind as you sent to Miss Smith. I think they are just exquisite. And if you have a delicate shade of pink, send it too. I am rather dark and I cannot wear the blue shades so well. I think a delicate pink trimmed with a darker shade of the same would suit me best. Miss Smith had her dress trimmed with lavender.

Mrs. Blank."

Friendly Advice to a Contemporary

The High School of the Garden Town
  Is many years ahead of ours;
It is a school of world-wide fame
  In numbers, name, in size and powers.

You have most likely long ere this
  Procured a copy of the "Bell,"
A worthy magazine of fame,
  Of which I have a word to tell.

You know its style is far ahead
  Of many books of equal make:
Its reading cannot be surpassed,
  The joshes surely are no fake.

But when it comes to drawings—well—
  We do not claim a copyright
On everything we draw, but ask
  Our friends to do the thing that's right.

Why is it, you of San Jose,
  That we beheld not long ago
Two headings in the noted "Bell,"
  The names of which are found below?

Athletics, also Joshes find
  In June's edition of naughty-five,
Originals of Mountain View.
  "The Blue and Gray" is still alive!

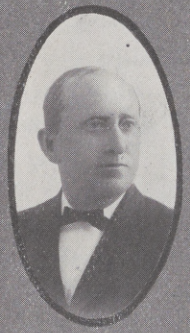
We think your talent is enough
  To warrant work done by your school:
Take as your motto after this,
  The world respected, "Golden Rule."

—*Anonymous.*

FACULTY

Miss Willgton

Miss Peckham



Mr. A. L. Dornberger

Miss Dillon

Our High School Girls

MAX ISH '08

AS SOME one has aptly said, "Girls are very good to deal with, but when it comes to writing about them (not to them) it is a different matter altogether."

In writing about the girls what am I to make note of? I can't say anything about their dress. I would have a jolly good time, wouldn't I, describing the box pleats, hems, tucks, ruching, and embroidery on their dresses? I could tell anyone about the Peter Pan that J—— had on yesterday, just what shade of pink it was, or about the Tommy Jones, Fedink, or Sammy Snicklefritz, that somebody else had on, couldn't I? Words can't describe their pretty faces or their most charming eyes, so all that remains for me to do is to write of their characteristics.

The Freshman Class comes to school determined to learn "amo te." They are usually very exclusive the first year and keep to themselves. They are generally the "wallflowers" in the High School doings. They gradually lose some of their timidity, but not all of it until their second year is begun.

The "Sophs" are the queening class of the school. They sit out on the grass at noon and talk to the boys who happen around. You understand I say happen.

The Junior girls have by this time learned some tact. They are afflicted with the "amo te" habit when they want something done. Before a basket ball game, they come out and calmly announce to a boy that the ball is flat. If he does not take the hint, they smile at him and tell him he is a gem, or a jewel, or something along that line. There is no getting around this. The boy gets the "wind jammer" and proceeds to put some air into the ball. If he has a wise head, he enlists the services of another fellow and allows him the privilege of wearing the skin off of the ends of his fingers, poking the stem down under the cover. The Juniors have the athletes, about one half of the basket ball team coming from this class.

The Senior girls have outgrown the "amo te" habit, but make up for it by the "use of their eyes." They are the ones who want to have "something doing". This is the class that is hard on the boys who follow strict training rules for their track work. The girls of this class are famous for the way they make the boys follow. It is surely a case of "Lead and I follow".

Then there are the miscellaneous ones. For in-

stance, those who turn around and slap you when you tease them, and those who don't; those who wear the hair ribbons on hairpins so that it is easy to take them: and those who will help you out on some Algebra, Latin or Deutsch, if you have been out for a time the night before.

Taken all in all, what would we, the boys, do without the girls? We need somebody to retrieve our football losses by winning basket ball games, somebody to prepare "feeds" for us every once in a while, and some one to yell for us at a track meet. Then there is another phase of the question. What in the world would we do without some one to tease? That is a question it would be hard for the writer, at least, to answer.

So here's hoping that there may be more girls at the High next year; here's hoping there may be more basket ball girls, and may they make the boys work harder.

The Football Game

ROY FRICK '08

When we all felt patriotic,
And a great desire for fame
Swelled in everybody's bosom,
Some one whispered, "Football game."

Some one brought a football,
And a team was organized
That surely would have conquered Yale,
Had their hopes been realized.

After weeks of patient training,
After many a shattered dream,
From a place called Redwood City,
Came a challenge to the team.

Shall I tell of that first battle,
On the mud-flats by the bay,
How they struggled for the victory,
On that bleak and stormy day?

I could tell if space permitted,
Of a dozen splendid plays,
Made by every gallant player,
On that glorious day of days.

How I love to tell the story,
Of that battle by the bay,
All except the fact "they beat us,"
On that bleak and stormy day.

The Truants

MIRIAM BURTON '09

A High School girl and boy one winter's day,
With laughing faces, hearts so light and gay,
While strolling down the streets of Mountain View
With books in hand and dinner-baskets too,
Stopped still and stared,—for what was that they saw?
A gorgeous poster from the great Forepaw,
Which said that in the town of Sunnyvale
That famous show had just arrived by rail.

Said he, "Let's go, this circus for to see."
"Agreed," said she, "but Oh, the Faculty!"
"Oh bother that old Faculty, I say.
We'll just forget them for a single day:
We'll let our Virgil and our Chaucer rest
And enter into 'hookey' with a zest."
So off they went upon the fastest train,
Their heart's desire and fondest wish to gain.

When at their destination they arrived
They stood and gazed, bewildered and surprised.
The splendid sights that met their wondering eyes
Seemed quite enough without the added prize.
But for the tent the thronging crowd was bound,
And, hurried on, they could not gaze around,
The city's wealth and wondrous things to see.

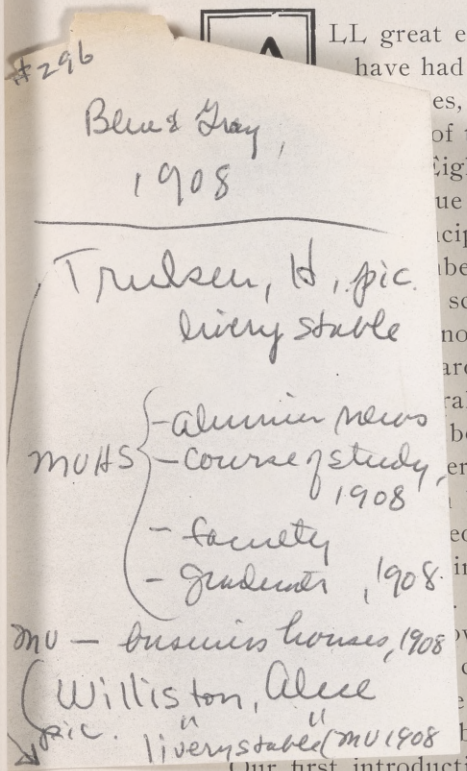
When at the tent they found themselves to be,
They quite forgot their troubles in their glee
While looking at the strange menagerie.
The dancing bear and funny kangaroo,
The droll old elephant and monkeys too,
The lion, tiger and the tall giraffe,
Whose "rubber-neck" was sure to make you laugh,
The camel, zebra and the slippery seal,
The ugly snakes that made the ladies squeal
Were only just a very very few
Of the great number found in Forepaw's zoo.

So on they passed into the larger tent
Where surged the crowd and where their thoughts were bent.
There, startling were the things that they did see.
The high trapeze and wonderful rings three,
The acrobat, the juggler and his dog,
The clever horses, trained to dance the "clog,"
The tight rope walking and the races too
All seemed quite grand to rogues from Mountain View.
The comical old clown and balky mule
Just made them quite forgetful of High School.

Then came the boy with fans and lemonade,
The usual kind of peels and bright red shade.
They watched with awe the fifty-five yard dash,
When bang! the glass he held fell with a smash.
"Let's run," said he; for not a stone's throw off
And frowning at them sat the angered "Prof."
He had been called to town that selfsame day
And so unto the circus made his way.
Just here I'll leave you to surmise the rest,
To shape their fate as you may think the best,
Well knowing that you've felt the penalty
Of that old ancient game that's called "hookey."

Class History

ADELINE CHAPMAN '08



ALL great events and struggles of mankind have had their historians, so it is importes, necessary that the history be of this, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eight, and I beg that you accept it ue consideration, for this history is ncipal personages of this our time. ber, 1904, that one by one in the school house, entered timid Freshnots of the Faculty.

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in a manner most fitting to our . Instead of placing us by ourowed to study and recite in the classmen. This was a high honor, e privilege of having persons of before us as examples.

Our first introduction into society, our first lesson in social life, was one of importance to all. We, the Freshmen, were tendered a reception by the three upper classes! How beautiful it was, this treatment of the newcomers. We appreciated it beyond measure. What if we didn't know just what to say in the conversational line? We have learned since then and have gained "experience".

You have heard the adage, "By beholding we become changed." Before the year was over, such was surely our case. It no longer became necessary to take the whole class when one wished to walk through the halls, for we found out that nothing terrible would befall us if we ventured unattended. We did not avoid the upper classmen as in times past, for they were harmless. We no longer ran when a member of the Faculty appeared suddenly in our presence. Yes, we had changed.

We had changed to such an extent that we were willing to give up the name which had once been a joy to us, and take the title of Sophomore.

September came again, and with it the rollicking "Sophs." We were no longer a class of twenty-two, but instead numbered only thirteen. Where had they

The Truants

MIRIAM BURTON '09

A High School girl and boy one winter's day,
With laughing faces, hearts so light and gay,
While strolling down the streets of Mountain View
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Class History

Adeline Chapman '08

LL great events and struggles of mankind have had their historians, so it is important, yes, necessary that the history be given of this, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Eight, and I beg that you accept it with due consideration, for this history is concerning the principal personages of this our time.

It was in September, 1904, that one by one in the infinite rooms of the school house, entered timid Freshmen, the forget-me-nots of the Faculty.

We, who had heard of the terrible treatment that "Freshies" in general were supposed to experience, wondered with fast beating hearts what our fate was to be. But there were no withering glances of scorn cast in our direction by the more experienced pupils. If there were, we lived in blissful ignorance of them.

We were treated in a manner most fitting to our finely behaved class. Instead of placing us by ourselves, we were allowed to study and recite in the room with the upper classmen. This was a high honor, for thus we had the privilege of having persons of superior ability ever before us as examples.

Our first introduction into society, our first lesson in social life, was one of importance to all. We, the Freshmen, were tendered a reception by the three upper classes! How beautiful it was, this treatment of the newcomers. We appreciated it beyond measure. What if we didn't know just what to say in the conversational line? We have learned since then and have gained "experience".

You have heard the adage, "By beholding we become changed." Before the year was over, such was surely our case. It no longer became necessary to take the whole class when one wished to walk through the halls, for we found out that nothing terrible would befall us if we ventured unattended. We did not avoid the upper classmen as in times past, for they were harmless. We no longer ran when a member of the Faculty appeared suddenly in our presence. Yes, we had changed.

We had changed to such an extent that we were willing to give up the name which had once been a joy to us, and take the title of Sophomore.

September came again, and with it the rollicking "Sophs." We were no longer a class of twenty-two, but instead numbered only thirteen. Where had they

gone? Why hadn't they come back? Was it a case of the survival of the fittest? One member, who values a bib above all childish apparel, was not of the original number, but we gladly accepted him into our midst at this time.

School work progressed nicely.

It was during this year that Mr. Lee gave his memorable lecture entitled "Lest we forget." It made a lasting impression on our young minds, and let it be said that from that day to this there has been seen no "queening on the quad."

Before the second semester was over, the various tastes of the class had been well defined. Geometry, was the favorite study. Every one liked bread, and chalk—well, it is possible to use chalk in different ways besides writing on the board.

The earthquake of April 18 came as a shock to many. Excitement reigned more or less supreme until the close of school, and all were ready to make a hasty departure upon the slightest tremor. I say all. That includes every one in our class, for we bore the shaking with the calmness and bravery characteristic of Sophomores.

September 3, 1906, saw us rushing to the school in haste. Our faculty, with the exception of "Mother Williston" had left for other fields, and we were interrogation points personified as we entered the building. It was the same old class with few exceptions. One or two had dropped out, but they were replaced by others, he of newspaper fame in the city of Mountain View, being one who entered our ranks at this time.

There are certain dates in the annals of history which should be remembered, namely: the discovery of America in 1492, the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and the organization of our class in 1906. Yes, we organized with all due ceremony. Colors and pins were discussed and finally chosen. How proud we were when our dainty pins arrived, bearing the colors —turquoise blue and gold, and the figures '08 upon them! We would never part with or lose them!

Our class decreased in size during the year. Four left, among whom was our president. We now numbered eight.

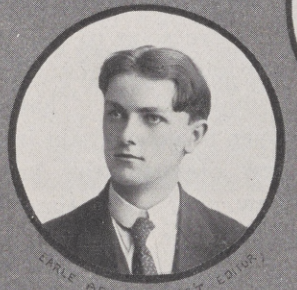
Study ruled supreme and we all worked faithfully, but when it became noticeable that the Seniors were getting restless and were preparing to leave, we felt our importance as never before. It was an evening in June of last year that the climax came. What was that queer feeling that came over us as the diplomas were presented to those just entering the gradually increasing ranks of the Alumni? It was the feeling of elation that proclaimed us at last—Seniors.

We felt, as never before, the responsibilities that rested upon us as Seniors, for were we not the examples of the under classmen? Think of it! Nine persons answerable for the actions of some sixty others! Still, with that heavy burden we were happy.

The last semester has been the busiest of all our four

STAFF.

BARBARA KNOX - EDITOR

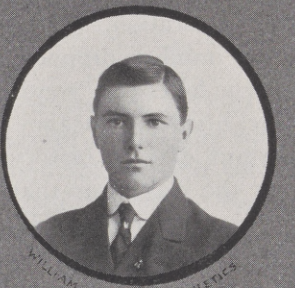


EARLE ADAMS - ASST EDITOR

ADELINE CHAPMAN - ARTIST

CLAUDE SHULL - JOKES

JOHN DIKE - BUSINESS MANAGER



WILLIAM GARLIEPP - ATHLETICS

ESTHER MORTON - ORGANIZATIONS

years' experience in the High School. And why shouldn't it be? During this time it was important that we complete our various courses, and the members of the class have had social duties previously not taken into consideration.

One of our number dropped out at this time, but another, he who loves the "soother" and whose home is in Sunnyvale, filled the vacancy.

An important date in history which will never be forgotten by the class was that of March 26, of this year. There is a tender spot in the heart of each one of the "jolly nine" for the little palm tree which was at that time planted in front of the school building with appropriate exercises. Its fruit was marvelous to behold, for ere morning nine delicious lemons swayed on its slender branches. It was a desecration we admit, but they made fine lemonade.

In addition to the meetings held at the homes of the various members, the class one evening assembled at the home of Miss Williston and Miss Peckham, and all seemed to feel and act as juvenile as they looked.

The Juniors followed the example of the Faculty and tendered us a most enjoyable reception. We have no scruples in giving to them the name we have borne for the past year, for we consider them worthy the title "Senior".

In these social gatherings, our class flower, the California poppy, has been much in evidence; a flower that all should love, not for its fragrance but for its sunny brightness.

We have always been well represented in Glee Club, the majority of the class being members. One of our number, he of tall stature, has held the office of President since Freshman days. As a result of the untiring efforts of our faithful instructor. Mr. Lawrence, we have gained what few high schools have acquired, the accrediting of music as a regular study.

Athletics have also been entered into with enthusiasm, and our class has assisted materially in making the records of which we are so proud.

Thus our four years in the Mountain View High School have been busy years, bringing their round of work and leisure, disappointment and pleasure.

Do you realize that we are soon to join the ranks of the Alumni? That our four years of companionship are to be brought to a sudden close? That we are to go our several ways never to meet again in the same relationship? That new opportunities are ours to grasp of which we know not? The time has come when the word "Possibility" is synonymous to ourselves, and now, let us not forget our motto, the working out of which we have proven and found always true—there is "Nothing without Labor."

Will

CLAUDE SHULL '08

I WILLIE PUMPHANDLE, of the city of Milviso, in the County of Pewallop, State of Prunes, being of unsound mind and poor memory, do make, publish, and declare, and by these presents do make known to all, that this is my last Will and Testament, in manner following, that is to say:

FIRST:—I direct that at my death, my ghost be kept a prisoner by our beloved English teacher, to be compared with that of Banquo and Hamlet.

SECOND:—I give and bequeath to my worthy side-kicker, Johnny Crude Oil, one pair of pants guards and my jack-knives, one of which will be found in the upper left-hand corner of the nearest top pocket in my corduroys, and the other one in the possession of Willie Duff, who has not returned it yet since the last time he borrowed it.

THIRD:—I give and bequeath to the Mountain View High School, at Mountain View, County of Siwash, State of Prunes, my portrait, to be framed and hung in the hall as a warning to anyone who studies too hard.

FOURTH:—I give and bequeath to the illustrious heavenly twins, the poem written by myself while attending the aforementioned school, the said poem being the result of persistent and palpable coercion on the part of the English teacher, the subject being a former member of the school; the aforesaid poem to be published by them after my death, as the publishing of it at any other time would in all probability result in my immediate decease.

FIFTH:—I give, devise and bequeath to my "mother," who is now occupied in the thankless task of hammering German and Latin into the heads of sundry luckless and unfortunate Freshmen at the above mentioned High School, all the rest, residue, and remainder of my estate, both real and imaginary, the real property consisting of ten pounds of prunes, twenty-three pennies in cash, and a copy of "Macbeth;" and the imaginary property consisting of one lot in Poverty Flat, five million dollars in gold bricks (deposited in the extreme rear portion of the large vault in my head, where the brain is supposed to be) and a thorough knowledge of Civics and English. The same to remain in the possession of my aforesaid "mother," Miss Williston, until her marriage, when it

Class Poem

Alice Chapman '08

The early day is dawning in the East.
The first faint rays of light are glim'ring now,
As peeping through the mist encircled hills
It tips the fleecy clouds of downy snow
With golden tintings of the morning light.

The dew is glist'ning on the blades of grass,
The air is bracing, and the world seems new;
While birds awake and greet the new-born day
With joyous song, expressing thanks and praise
For that which on this earth we now enjoy.

But see! the glory of the day has dawned—
It wakens up the drooping, sleeping flowers.
The gray of morn has given way to light,
And now the busy world is grinding on,
As on and on its wheels of progress move.

Perhaps throughout the day no cloud will rise
To shade the warmth and glory of the sun.
At even of that day we gaze with joy
At purpling hills, at slow descending sun,
And everything seems good, and we are blessed.

But oftentimes we see, with thoughts of dread,
The beauty and the radiance of the light
Become obscured, while rugged clouds of black
Are beaten about by gusts of angry winds,
And day is closed by hail and show'rs of rain.

We now are standing at the dawn of life—
Commencement, the long dreaded, has arrived.
The night is past whose shelt'ring walls 'til now
Have shielded us from every worldly pain:
We welcome, still with dread, the coming day.

Before us, stretching on in glad array
Are many fields of varied occupation.
We look them o'er, we weigh them for their worth
And choose, at last, what best will suit our needs
To perfect it. The day has now begun.

We choose perhaps to further pore o'er books;
To ponder, search and delve for truths untold;
To study mathematics with results,
To teach, or fill the heart of man with joy
By pen, by brush, with music or with song.

The clouds of doubt may quickly blow away;
Our hopes, ambitions, all may come to pass,
And we'll be filled with sunshine and with love
So nothing will o'er-shade us or depress
Or cause us to regret what we have done.

Another picture comes before our view.
With trouble we are sore cast down, depressed,
Until we see our "motto" blazing forth
Upon the sky of blue—'til on our hearts
"Nothing Without Labor" is impressed.

So we, the class who greet the dawn of day,
Who now life's work ourselves must undertake,
Bear well in mind our "motto,"—and anew
Grasp "Opportunity" as from above,
Whose use alone will bring desired success.

Class Poem

ALICE CHAPMAN '08

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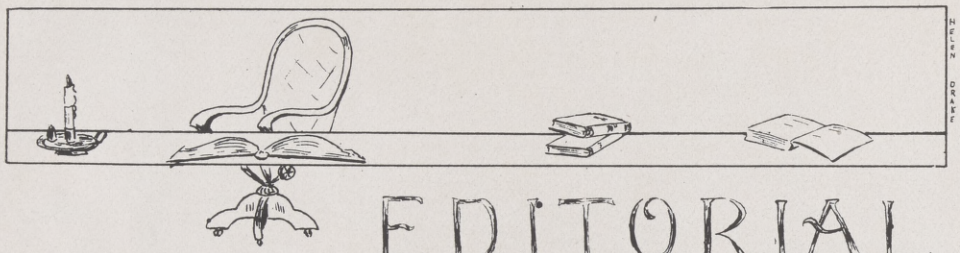
GRADUATES.
Alice Hill
Will Goodwin
Barbara Knox
Adeline Chapman
Max Ish - Pres.

Henrietta Bar
Claude Shull
Alice Chapman



EDITORIAL

BARBARA KNOX '08

THERE is probably no other section in the state so favorably situated, nor enjoying so many advantages as the Santa Clara valley. It is located at the very door of the metropolis of the Pacific, possessing a beauty peculiarly its own, a climate mild and salubrious, and a soil the fertility of which has a world-wide reputation.

But not the least of the many advantages enjoyed by this favored section, are those pertaining to education. The country is thickly dotted with grammar schools, whose work is maintained at a high standard, while our High Schools are sufficiently numerous and so located that the young people of the community may enjoy their benefits. Turning to the institutions of higher learning, aside from denominational schools, such as the University of the Pacific and Santa Clara College, we have the State Normal School at San Jose, and Stanford University, whose benefits are available to all who may desire them, thus drawing many hundreds of students to this locality from the entire state.

In this beautiful and fruitful valley, we can say without boasting that there is no section more favored than Mountain View. It is not necessary to speak of its beautiful situation, nestling as it does at the foot of the Santa Cruz range. Our educational facilities are unsurpassed by any of our neighbors, and we may well be proud of our High School, for while its enrollment is but modest, yet the growth attained from year to year shows the appreciation in which it is held. This can be attributed to no other cause than the excellent work accomplished, and the increase in the

population that has been attracted to Mountain View by its advantages.

While our High School has always enjoyed an excellent faculty, yet we feel we are warranted in speaking of our teachers during the past year as taking special interest in the school, and the student body is more than willing to attribute to them the degree of success attained. That the work of the school has made material progress, we think is evidenced in one way by the present edition of "The Blue and Gray." The entire school has taken a lively interest in the paper, and has heartily co-operated with the staff in making the present issue a marked success.

May each successive number be an improvement on the last. May its aim always be the betterment of those enjoying the benefits of our beloved High School.

It would be ingratitude indeed should we fail to extend our sincere thanks to those advertisers represented within these pages, who, by their liberality have made this issue of "The Blue and Gray" a possibility. We trust our readers will remember them when in need of goods in their respective lines.

How Lemons Grow On Palm Trees

YSABEL MORTON '09

IT WAS on a windy day in March that the Seniors planted their class palm, carefully dropping each shovelful of earth about its roots, and packing it down closely. After the exercises were over, all the students departed for home, each Senior meditating on the probable growth of the palm, what an ornament it would be to the school, and how long it would be before it produced dates enough to pay for its cost.

The evening came on slowly, the shadows creeping in one by one, until at twelve o'clock it was so dark that a person could not see his hand before his face.

At exactly one minute after twelve there was a great rumbling and commotion in the front yard of the High School, where the palm grew. Lightning flashed

through the sky, and for a moment that beautiful palm tree was surrounded by a bright shining light. Then it grew dark again, the thunder roared louder than ever, and the wind raised its voice in long mournful moanings, culminating at last in one terrifying screech. Suddenly the earth parted, and out of the deep, dark cavern flew nine ugly witches with long flowing beards and haggard, skinny faces. Joining hands, they danced, or rather seemed to float, about the palm tree, so recently planted by the wise Seniors.

Suddenly the dance stopped, and the witches, taking their wands, stepped up to the palm. In a high squeaky voice the first witch spoke, "We have gathered here to-night in honor of the departing Seniors, and that they may have something by which to remember their last days at High School, I command a likeness of Claudius Archibald Shull to appear upon this tree." And thus speaking she touched the palm with her wand, and lo! a lemon appeared. Thus each witch moved forward, touching the tree and naming a Senior until nine yellow lemons gleamed in the dark night. Then with a loud screech and a clap of thunder, the witches disappeared into the black cavern with its yawning mouth, and nothing was ever heard of them again.

Class Prophecy

HENRIETTA BAR AND CLAUDE SHULL

Scene—Office of Searcher of Records. Desk covered with books. Lawyer seated at desk writing. Enter Henrietta Bar, who asks questions about her different classmates. Lawyer refers to books on his desk as the different names are asked for.

"Can you tell me what has happened to Barbara Knox since she left High?"

"Barbara Maude Knox.—After leaving Mountain View, she took a course at Stanford. She is now in charge of the Girls' Seminary at Los Altos, having fulfilled her oft repeated declaration of becoming an old maid, but the girls always choose her for the chaperon on their merrymaking expeditions, as she still holds memories of her High School days. On Saturday evenings strange sounds of revelry are heard from this exclusive school, which upon investigation proves to be nothing more than some of the boys of the class of '08 renewing old associations."

Student Body.
Henrietta Bair
Pres.
Alice Chapman,
1st Vice Pres.
Leslie Morton.
2d Vice Pres.
Max Ish, Sergt at Arms.
Will Goodwin Treas.
Miriam Burton, Sec'y.

"I am not surprised to hear that Barbara is still single, because she always declared that she wished to be an old maid. What has Willie Garliepp been doing these years? He seemed to have a good head for business."

"William L. Garliepp.—Finished a course at Berkeley in 1912. The next year he became the managing editor of the Mountain View Record, one of the largest papers in the state. In 1917 he revolutionized modern warfare by inventing a bullet that would kill a man and dig his grave with the same power. He is now trying to improve it so as to make it fill in the grave and carve the headstone as well. His invention for increasing the height is one of the most successful of the day. By its aid he increased his height to nearly six feet."

"I remember that his main aspiration in life was to grow a little taller, and felt sure he would succeed sooner or later. What has become of Alice Hill, the girl with the curly hair?"

"Alice Gertrude Hill.—After graduating from High School she spent some years in the apothecary's business at Milpitas. One of her leading numbers is Carter's Sure Cure for Brain Fatigue, resulting from reading long History and Civics references. She has now her long desired wish,—a cosy little cottage for two in West Berkeley."

"I'm glad to hear that Alice is happy. She always did seem to be attracted in that direction. How about our class president, Max Ish?

"Max E. Ish.—During his Stanford career he was distinguished as being one of the star athletes of that institution. In his third year he broke the world's record for the half mile, doing it in 1.05 2-5. His pitching on the baseball nine won the intercollegiate championship for Stanford two years in succession. The main feature of his playing consisted in a new curve that he invented, it being a cross between a spitball and a rising-drop.

"In 1819.—He patented a machine for reducing superfluous weight. It seems that he reduced his own weight from 280 lbs. to 146 by the aid of this remarkable invention. The apparatus used is a combination of spanking machine and sledge-hammer, which demands a certain amount of stoicism to work perfectly and effectually."

"So he has reduced his weight, has he? He used to go without his dinner at school all the time toward that end. What has become of Alice Chapman, who always had a desire to be a school teacher?"

"Alice Mary Chapman—Finished her Normal course in 1919, and the next year accepted a position as teacher in the Mountain View Grammar School. It was while here that she was offered a position as cooking teacher in a large private school at Sunnyvale. In 1924 she went to Europe to cultivate her remarkable voice. The latest report states that she is touring Africa with wonderful success. Critics and musicians say that she is the greatest contralto at the present

time, easily reaching the lowest notes on the piano."

"I certainly thought she would become a prima donna some day, and the world would become acquainted with her talent. How about Will Goodwin, the member from Sunnyvale?"

"William J. Goodwin.—Took one year in Stanford, making a specialty of dancing. In 1910 he became dancing teacher for the seminary at Los Altos, and also gave private lessons. His card appeared in the Mountain View High School Blue and Gray in 1910 as 'Monsieur W. J. Goodween, Dancing Lessons Two-Bits a Dozen.' He still lives in Sunnyvale, however, where he cherishes a wife and three little Goodwins, his wife being a prominent member of the '09 class."

"Well! Well! So Will has settled down at last, has he? I always thought he'd make a splendid dancing teacher. What of Adeline Chapman, the artist of our class number in 1908?"

"Adeline L. Chapman.—Four years after leaving High School she finished a course at the Alviso Art Institute and was immediately secured by the Mountain View High School to decorate the walls of the 'studio.' She gained a great deal of fame by this work, from its originality as well as the skill shown; the scenes portrayed being the doings of the class of '08, just before their graduation. She had some difficulty, however, in drawing the hay wagon on the trip to the quarry, but finally made the horses draw it. One of her most noted pictures was painted for Professor George Wharton James, representing some women crossing the plains on bucking oxen. She received $35,000 for this work."

"My! That's an awful lot to get for one picture. I always looked for something like that, though, from Adeline. What has Claude Shull been doing?"

"His record is not here. He must have gotten married."

"Well, then, what has become of our faculty? Miss Peckham, for instance."

"Miss Gertrude C. Peckham.—Surprised all her friends by getting married soon after leaving Mountain View in 1908. I was not so much surprised, however, when I learned that her husband bore a marked resemblance to a prominent member of the '08 class. She married a rising lawyer of San Jose and he is now one of the main prosecutors of the grafters that are overrunning that city. Through his efforts, the grafting is rapidly being stamped out, but it is apparent to all that his wife is back of most of his moves."

"I'm sure Miss Peckham must be behind it, because she was always warning us against such practices and outlining means for defeating them. What is Miss Williston doing? Still teaching school?"

"Miss A. W. Williston.—Still teaching school at Mountain View. Last year she said for the nineteenth time in as many years that she was going to quit teaching and get married. She is expected back next year, however. Finding that her Latin and German classes

would persist in shirking, she has made an effort to introduce the teaching of Chinese into the High School and bids fair to succeed in the near future.

"I never took much stock in her threats about getting married, anyway. What is Professor Dornberger doing now? I expected to see him president of some university by this time."

"Prof. A. L. Dornberger.—Gave up teaching in 1908. It was reported that he knew he could never get another class as good as the 'naughty-eights,' so he took to farming. He has a ranch in the mountains near Mountain View, where he is largely engaged in raising animals—especially pigs and goats. He has just recently succeeded, after years of experiment and study, in perfecting a new food for cattle and goats which will enable them to give butter instead of milk, thus saving the trouble of churning. He calls this food "Fatasell" and declares that it will be universally used in a few years. The ingredients are practically the same as are outlined in Act IV, Scene I, of Macbeth."

"I'm surprised that the professor should give up teaching. What has happened to Miss Dillon?"

"Miss Laura G. Dillon.—Taught in Mountain View for five years and then secured a position as chaperon in the seminary at Los Altos. It is reported by some that she is engaged to marry the dancing teacher of the same institution, but we cannot vouch for it."

The Mysterious Rapping

FRANCES HUNTINGTON '11

FATHER drove up with the carriage, and mother and Virginia climbed in.

"Don't let the cat into the pantry," called out mother.

"No;" I answered.

"And be sure to throw the chickens some wheat at five!"

"Yes," I said.

"And don't forget to shut up Daniel!"

"I won't," I promised. Daniel was the turkey gobbler—Daniel Webster was his full name, so called because of the way he would gobble and strut about in the back yard. He always went to roost on the roof of the chicken house, and as the coyotes sometimes came down from the hills during the night, it was unsafe, for Daniel, to let him stand guard over the poultry, perched, though he was, high above the ground.

"And don't forget to hang the windmill out to dry, and gather a bunch of cherry tops for supper!" called out father, as he drove off. At this there was a hearty laugh from all of us, and I turned back into the house, wishing that I, too, might have gone to the concert in town.

The long afternoon at last wore away into evening. I fed the chickens and shut up Mr. Webster, brought in the wood and kindling, got supper, washed the dishes and swept out the kitchen, and then locked every outside door and fastened every window, upstairs and down-stairs, in the whole house. Had there been any doors or windows in the roof, I should have locked them as well.

The wind had risen, for it was March, and was moaning dismally about the house, and, as night came on, I could hear away off somewhere the hooting of an owl, and after a while a dog set up a mournful wail that made my flesh creep—just as if I were in a graveyard, and it was midnight and pitch dark, and ghosts were skulking around among the tombstones.

Trying to think that I was not afraid, I went into the library, lighted the lamp on the reading table, pulled down the curtains, and struck a match to the kindling in the fireplace. After a while, when everything became quiet, the cheerful fire and my book made me forget all about ghosts and goblins.

For a time nothing happened, though the wind kept rising stronger and stronger, and the things inside

the house kept getting stiller and stiller until I could almost hear myself breathe. There was a mouse working away behind the plaster. I could near every nibble and squeak it made. Then a door up-stairs swung open and slammed shut, and I almost stopped breathing for fear. Again I plunged into the story I was reading, in a vain effort to forget my surroundings. It was now well past eleven, and I had followed the young hero into the haunted castle, and had come to the following passage:

"But when he had thus sent the two of them to their final rest, and was again about to sit down at the fire, out of every nook and corner came forth black cats and black dogs with fiery chains, in such swarms that he could not possibly get away from them. They yelled in the most ghostly —"

"Hark! what was that?"

"Ra-tap! ra-tap! tap-tap tap!"

It sounded to me like somebody knocking on the floor overhead or on a panel of some door upstairs.

"Nonsense!" I said to myself. "It's just the wind pounding a loose shingle on the roof."

I read on. The young hero was having a dreadful time:

"As midnight approached, a noise and din broke out, at first gentle, but gradually increasing. Then all was quiet for a minute. At length, with a loud scream, half of a man dropped down the chimny and fell before him."

There it was again—louder this time and more distinct.

Now it seemed like some one walking with squeaking shoes on the bare floor directly over my head. One —two—three steps! Back again to the starting point, but only two steps this time! Back again, but this time six steps.

"What can it be?" I asked myself, trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, dear!" I thought. "Will father and mother never come?"

Once more I plunged into my story, trying not to hear the mysterious noise overhead:

"When it grew late, six big men came carrying a coffin. They placed the coffin on the ground. He approached it, and took off the cover. In it lay a dead man. He felt his face, and —"

I sprang up from my chair, and my book fell to the floor with a bang.

Somebody was walking down the hallway to the head of the stairs!

I ran to the outer door, threw it open, and plunged into the darkness. Down the road I ran as I had never run before, and behind me—so it seemed—came the patter of flying feet and with it the swish of fluttering garments. On and on I ran until it seemed that I could run no more, and then I heard the steady beat of old Dobbin's hoofs.

I had barely enough strength to stagger on until

the carriage came up, when father sprang out and caught me in his arms. I told my story on the way to the house. Father went up-stairs, before any of us would enter the house, and in a few minutes came out laughing. The mysterious rapping was just my own chamber door. The wind had blown out a small round window in the attic gable, and had loosened the drop door in the hallway ceiling, just enough to allow the air to pound the door against the ceiling.

My imagination had done the rest.

With Due Apology to Chaucer

A boy ther was with us in Mountain View,
The likes you could not find the whole toun thru,
So now to you his yarne will I spinne.

All great he was, in statu long and thinne;
So comic too in each and every act.
In house so ruff and noisy he ne'er lacked.
He sometimes walked beneath a derby style
Which made all passers-by to turn and smile.
Well could he keep from teachers all unseene,
When some small deed of his was sure meane.
And yeddings could he excellente sing,
That made the noise through all the roomes ring;
And then some too, would travel all the soun
Of his full deep, and loud, and stiff burdoun.
Right well it seemed for him to be of "Glee,"
For that was all that could his natur be.
Yet bright he was in all good wit and mind,
Good jolly sports he loved of every kind.

Ruff hockey loved he best with all his hearte,
Unless it were some ruff house for to starte.
Also the game of Basket Ball he did,
For ther no one could throw above his heed.
And gif ther were some ladies who would play,
Then Tennis so would he upon that day.
In assembly cared he not a fig for gold,
But on the principle of the thing took hold.
In History he would voters were they
Who did unto the State ther poll-tax pay.
Well could he throw small pits with silver spoon
As when upon the ground he lay at noon.
But soothe to say when all is said and done,
We dearly loved this lad so full of fun.
I would that more in this old world of ours
Were like this boy of Epicurean powers.
Then troubles all would flee, and pain depart,
While sunshine entered every clouded heart.

—W. J. G. '08.

School Notes

We regret that one of the members of the Faculty, Miss Marie Simon, was forced to leave us on account of ill health Although her position has been ably filled by Miss Laura Dillon, of Oakland, she has been greatly missed, and we all join in wishing her a speedy recovery.

Albert and Louis Dickson have finished their first year at the Pacific Union College at Healdsburg. About the middle of April, Albert was so unfortunate as to break his left arm in the gymnasium, which necessitated his return to Mountain View for temporary repairs.

Rosa Baker is attending school in Eureka.

Merle Job is assisting the electrician at the Pacific Press.

Jennie Ryan has been attending Business College in San Jose.

Ethel Baker is at St. Helena, where she has a position as stenographer in the Sanitarium.

Adolpho Zolezzi is working in his father's store in Sunnyvale.

Alumni

1904

Edward Green is with a surveying party in Canada.

1905

Alice Whittemore is engaged at present in preparing the coming generation for the High School. She has the third grade in the local Grammar School.

1906

Willard Ayer is with the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, acting as assistant station operator at the sub-station near Oldtown.

Edna Higgins has a position as stenographer with the James Transfer Company of San Jose.

Louis Wagner graduated this year from the California School of Pharmacy in San Francisco with high honors. We are pleased to hear that Louis won a scholarship for good work. He is now employed by Dr. Johnson at the Red Cross Pharmacy.

John Bubb and Rose Sturla have completed their Sophomore year at Stanford.

Ruby Trubschenck has graduated from the San Jose Normal and expects to enter the field of teaching next year.

1907

Charles Atkins and Mae Cushing have completed their first year at Normal.

Our Glee Club.

It is reported that the Senior boys never drink anything stronger than milk. Keep it up boys,—as long as the milk holds out.

Quotation for Max on the Senior hayride to the quarry. (Appropriated from Keats' "La Belle Dame Sans Merci.)"

"And there he slumbered on the rocks,
And there he dreamed, ah! woe betide;
The latest dream he ever dreamed
On the cold hill-side."

COGNOMENS.

Dan Ames.—Gopher; Tub.
Joe Urban.—Shorty; Sherlock.
William III.—Duffie.
Barbara Knox.—Maud; Dolly.
Henrietta Bar.—Heinie; Yetty.
Bernard Mason.—Buff.
Victor Smith.—Schmitty; Little One.
Adeline Chapman.—Peggy.
Ysabel Morton.—Tibbie.
Jenny Cushing.—My Lady.
John Sinz.—Hans.
Alice Chapman.—Polly.

Bill I (when the bottom of the mercury tube fell out): "Anybody say anything?"

Professor: "Not so you could hear it, although it wasn't because we didn't want to."

Goodwin thought he knew why the Senior girls held a conclave March tenth. Guess again, Will.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone,
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own.—Exch.

Laws of precedent remind us,
  Seniors soon must separate,
And departing leave behind us
  A palm tree planted by the gate.

Juniors, then, be up and doing.
  Plant a palm, however small,
Or when you are gone forever,
  You'll not remembered be at all.

Do you need a pin Victor?

Oh Alice I! How about the little ride at Senior party the first?

Instructor: "The junketing party went to San Quentin to reform it."

Junior (consulting dictionary): "Junket—cream cheese. Is that all they had to eat at the party?"

"The point is—oh pardon me, I wouldn't interrupt for the world."

"I hear the echoes through the mountains throng."
Miss P.: "What does that suggest to you, Barbara?"
Barbara (dreamily): "Last Saturday night."

(In Physical Geography): "Victor, what makes the barrier beaches off the coasts?"
Victor: "They are made by the oysters building nests."

Teacher (reproving John for talking to his fair neighbor): "If you keep that up it may be fatal."

Alice II: A gopher snake looks rather large by moonlight in front of the old church yard.

Miss W. hands matches to Ralph to light fire with. Ralph (wise Freshman) lifts the lid and drops matches, replaces lid and takes his seat.

Victor: "Eva, if you don't give me that rose, I won't love you any more."
Eva: "Why Victor, please don't say that. It isn't a bit nice."

EXTRA!

Eva Newnan is the heroine of the Sophomore Class. She just saved Dan Ames from sitting on a murderous tack during English last week. As Dan left his desk, a blood-thirsty Senior placed a thumb-tack on his seat. Eva discovered it soon afterward and removed it in time to enable Dan to escape an ignominious fate. Twice again the villain set his murderous trap, and both times she removed it in the face of grave danger. Dan is to be congratulated on having a friend so brave and attentive.

In Glee Club (boys prolonging a note beyond the rest of the chorus): "Hold her-rr-rr-rr-r."

Prof. L.: "They want to hold her a long time, don't they?"

QUOTATIONS.

Alumni.—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain."—Linly.

Boys.—"We all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels."—Shakespeare.

Alice Hill.—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

James Ryan.—"Had I been present at the creation, I would have given
Some useful hints for the better ordering of the Universe."—Alfonso the Wise.

Jennie Cushing.—"Constant to her inconstancy."—Alice Carey.

Eva Newnan.—There's such a charm in melancholy."

Victor Smith.—"O what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side."—Shakespeare.

Earle Adams.—"You are the hero of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard."

Eunice Beverly.—"Amusement to an observing mind."—Disraeli.

Roy Frick.—"He spake not a word."—Shakespeare.

Bill I.—"No-wher so bisy a mon as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier that he was."—Chaucer.

Bill II.—"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Bill III.—"Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall."—Raleigh.

Max Ish.—"Your deeds are known,
In words that kindle glory from the stone."—Schiller.

Bernard Mason.—"I never dare to write as funny as I am."

Claude Shull.—"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture, proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

Query in Sophomore English: "What was Portia's first step in the trial scene?"

James Ryan: "She stepped onto the platform."

FRESHMAN CLASS MEETING.

Meeting called to order by President Waits. Minutes of the previous meeting read and approved after several corrections, Woodhams objecting to being called "Roy" instead of "Mr. Woodhams," and Eunice Beverly denying that she made the motion for adjournment.

Under the head of committee reports, a member of the tennis committee reported that the class had succeeded fairly well in keeping as far from the courts as possible (the smell of the oil being exceedingly unhealthful for youngsters). He censured Woodhams and Covel severely for helping put oil on one evening, declaring that it was the policy of the boys in the class to refrain from giving aid as much as possible. He also reported that an effort had been made by the upper classmen to get a little help from O'Connell, but without success. However, he was helped halfway to the horse trough by them, only to be rescued by the combined efforts of the Faculty and Freshman boys. The report was accepted, although O'Connell asserted loudly that he was only carried a third of the way to the trough. He was silenced by the sergeant-at-arms.

The committee on arrangements for a Freshman party next reported that nothing could be done in that line until the evenings became warmer, as many of the parents objected to taking their children out on a cold night. It was suggested by the chairman, Harris, that they wait until the days are longest, when they could get home before dark. The report was accepted.

It was moved, seconded, and carried, that the class colors be red and yellow. The class flower was also suggested, but some discussion followed as to whether it should be poison oak or mustard. The latter was finally chosen, because Annette Stuart said she would not belong to the class if poison oak were chosen, as she took it easily. A motion for adjournment was carried, as the janitor had commenced dusting the room.

Signed———Secretary.

FAVORITE RESORTS.

John Sinz.—Sunnyvale.
Earle Adams.—Around the girls.
Max.—Grant road.
Fanny Distel.—Santa Clara.
Annette Stuart.—Palo Alto.
Frank O'Connell.—Mother's lap.
Alice Hill.—Berkeley.
Billy Garliepp.—Oakland.
Will Goodwin.—Ask Miriam.

Patronize the Birkett Transfer Co. Notes, candy and pine nuts safely delivered. No fear of detection.

Barbara and Miriam say they didn't miss the special after Paderewski's concert at Stanford. How about it, Sinz?

Student (discussing woman suffrage): "If women were to go in for politics, the men would often find the dishes unwashed, etc."
Adams: "Oh! I see it all now. That's why they've been breaking me in at home."

Teacher (calling Dan down): "There isn't room for the two of us in this room."

Miss W. (speaking of the dative of the pronoun in German): "You wouldn't say 'euch' to me. What would you say?"
Roy F.: "I'd say 'dir' (dear)."

Earl C: "I've got a girl in Sunnyvale,
Two or three in Palo Alto,
Four or five in Mt. View,
And all the rest I'll leave for you."

Referee (in basket ball game): "Ysabel, don't hug in a foul."
Ysabel: "I didn't know I was hugging." (Is it as bad as that, Tibbie?)

Senior motto in the light of recent events: "We cannot see too much of one another."

Miss Dillon (explaining parasites to Botany Class): "How many have seen the mistletoe?"
Bernard: "Only at a distance. I don't dare get too close to it this year."

Sophomore: "I heard a fellow who had studied 'Macbeth' say the other day that he admired Lady Macbeth."
Junior: "I bet he was a Santa Clara man."

SUGGESTIVE SONGS.

Barbara.—"Teasing."
Eddie D.—"Not because my hair is curly."
Bill III.—"Always in the way."
John Sinz.—"Good-by, Sweet Day."
Alice I.—"Can't you see I'm lonely?"
Annette.—"I'm wearing my heart away for you."
The Seniors.—"We won't get home till morning."
Catharine Day.—"Poor John."
Dan.—"I ain't as foolish as I look to be."
Bill I.—"Please go away and let me sleep."
Henrietta.—"Happie Heinie."
Jim R.—"Cheer up Mary don't be sighing, we'll be happy by and by."
Natalie.—"Billie Boy."
Jennie.—"Why don't you spend something else besides the evening?"
Lizzie.—"Mum's the word."
Eunice.—"I picked a lemon in the garden of love."
Roy F.—"I'm a peaceable party."

It is rumored that Frank O'Connell has acquired the habit of combing his hair. We cannot say how true this is but let us hope for the best.

Oh, Bill II! Have you found out where Distel's place is yet? It's this side of Mayfield, isn't it?

Instructor: "You don't suppose angels have black hair do you?"
Bright Student: "I don't know, I've never seen one."
Instructor: "No, and you never will if you don't reform."

Dan (after picking up a pen which had whizzed past his head): "Here's a pen, teacher."
Teacher: "How came you by it?"
Dan: "I didn't. It came by me."

Miss P. (referring to English book): "Some one can have Earle Adams'."
Fanny (quickly): "Oh I have Earle Adams."

Visitor (to student): "Who is that girl over there, the one that is slightly fleshy?"
Student: "Oh! that's Natalie Macrum."
Visitor: "Macrum! well I wouldn't call her a crumb, she looks more like a whole loaf."

WANT TO KNOW

Why Miss P. thinks the Senior class the best.
What Claude knows about matrimonial ads.
Why Bernard goes down to the station after school.
What is good for poison oak.
Who swiped the sandwiches at the Junior picnic.
Who said "sister," Vic.
Why the girls gave the Senior poppies so much attention the afternoon of April nine.
How lemons happen to grow on the Senior palm.
Who owns the initials on Jack's hat.
Who said "Maude."
Who took the trimmings off Max's track suit.

Miss P.: "What is the cause of all the disturbance over there?"
Dan: "I just sat down."

C. D. (to mother while young man is in the room): "How long a minute seems when some one is holding your hand."

TABLE OF CHARACTERS.

Bill I. Willie Garliepp.	Alice I. Alice Hill.
Bill II. Will Goodwin.	Alice II. Alice Chapman.
Bill III. William Mount.	Alice III. The Chaperon.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a boy not a boy? Ans.—When he is Dr. Starbird's niece.
2. When is a track man not a track man? Ans.—When he is a "Mason."
3. What is Ruth's favorite wood? Ans.—Calderwood.
4. Why does William resemble an animal? Ans.—Because he is a "Billy."

RECIPE FOR CLAUDE'S DOUGHNUTS.

One cupful of water mixed with one tablespoonful of saltpetre, two eggshells and one drop of molten lead stirred thoroughly. Carefully heat over a slow fire until boiling point, then stir into the solution one half cup of ground putty and two cups cement. Place in slow oven and bake for three hours. If no brown color appears, dip each doughnut (upon taking from oven) into a solution consisting of one part iodine to four parts water. Then take them out and use them for shinny blocks. Be careful of your head while playing.

Senior: "Ysabel must be part Irish."
Sophomore: "What makes you think so?"
Senior: "Well I saw her on St. Patrick's day with a green ribbon around her neck, walking with a Freshman."

Bill II (translating German): "He spoke out of his left eye."

Upper Row: Henrietta Bar, Annette Stuart, Nellie Garliepp, Ysabel Morton, Pearl True.
Lower Row: Lizzie Snyder, Fanny Distel, Agnes Urban, Mary Eastwood.

School Spirit

JOHN SINZ '09

SCHOOL spirit is that indescribable something, abounding in some, admired by some, and a minus quantity in some.

There is the fellow who abounds in it. He plunges right into anything that is for the good of the school, putting his best effort into what he is doing and urging others to rally to the cause. He is behind any and every move for the general good of the school, and stops at no trifling sacrifice to himself that he may encounter in accomplishing his end. In short, he is the backbone of student activity in the school.

Next is the fellow who admires this spirit. He is the one who likes to build air castles, but at the same time entertains little hope for their realization, as he realizes that he lacks the spirit that is the keynote to success. His time is idly spent around school, watching the efforts of his more spirited companions, doing what he lacks the energy to do. As he watches them work, a feeling of envy comes over him. They are good fellows, but surely favoritism has been shown by allowing them this spirit. In meetings, he is an attentive, though never talkative member, again admiring the seeming superiority of his companions, who are boosting and moving things along. All this seems far out of his capability. With this character there are hopes of reform, for the duties of an upper classman may later spur him on to success.

Here, as in every branch of life, the knocker, or the fellow without spirit, must be dealt with. In school life, no one is more disliked than this character. His fondest delight is to see all, admire little, and do naught. The doings of his companions are looked on as folly, their failures as necessary evils, and their success as great partiality. He takes no interest whatever in school affairs, even preferring to forego the pleasures of success attained by those of better spirit. In meetings, this class is never heard, but only afterwards are they found loudly condemning the acts of others, working against this one and that one, and trying to cause as much disagreement as possible.

A reform in natural tendencies is hardly to be hoped for in this case. Duties of an upper classman may even fail to move him, and the one hope of reform lies with his schoolmates. A good ducking or mild hazing very often has the desired effect, and if not, it will make him a quieter and more sensible student.

To the faculty, school spirit can only be a quality to be praised. It is this spirit alone that will bring a student to school regularly with an earnest desire to get something out of school work, and to make his mark in the world when once he has left the school. The student lacking good school spirit will invariably lack the "go ahead" ability to insure him success in after life.

Athletics

Wm. Garliepp '08

HE present High School spirit which has manifested itself, has achieved results not soon to be forgotten. After many debates and discussions in the Student Body a fund was finally voted for the improvement of the tennis courts. The courts have been put in shape, and with an ordinary amount of care will last for some time to come.

In order that the boys could train, a track was built around the school—having five laps to the mile. Although it is not an excellent track, it forms a nucleus for a very good one. Some of the benefits derived from the track can be seen from the points gained in the P. A. L. and I. A. U.

In judging athletics, the size of the school must be taken into consideration. The athletic spirt has at last been aroused. Although in some cases no great showing has been made, several students have trained, and enough interest has been aroused to continue the work in the future.

At the beginning of the present year a football team was organized. As before mentioned, on account of the lack of material, it was with difficulty that a team was formed. Willard Ayer presented the team with a fine new ball, which gave the boys a great deal of encouragement. Under the management, interest and coaching of both Mr. Ayer and Mr. J. Roth, the team was put into working order. Of course all the corners were by no means knocked off.

The first game was played with Redwood on their gridiron, which was located about one hundred and fifty yards from the main slough. A day or so previous to the game, it had rained and left the field one mass of Redwood mud, ankle deep. We were there and the game had to be played. The teams lined up looking like so many piles stuck in the mud. The game went very slowly, and at the end of the first half, Redwood carried the slimy, wet and sloppy, mud-covered pigskin over the line. They tried for a goal, but on account of the mud the ball could hardly be lifted off the ground.

The next half was a little better for us. Our boys braced up and at times the Redwood goal was in danger, but the half ended in a 0 to 0 score. Had Redwood had a strictly High School team, there might have been a different story to tell.

The next game was played with St. Mathews' Military Academy. We went there with the expectation of playing a team near our own size and weight, but instead we "bucked up" against the third best team in the state. Under these conditions with such untrained men as ours, we were doomed to a terrible thrashing—and we got it. The score in the first half was about 20 to 0, but at the end of the second half only 92 to 0.

A third game was played with a team composed of boys from town. The team was known as the "scrubs." They being a great deal heavier than our men, expected to win, but had not taken into consideration our practice and training in plays such as the forward pass, which we worked with considerable success. We easily won the victory, the score being 28 to 0.

Never before in the history of the school have the girls achieved so great success in athletics as they have this year. And it all came about by the diligent and conscientious way in which they worked.

The first game played was with Santa Clara upon our own court. Although the Santa Clara girls were considered a very fast team, our girls proved much faster, piling up a score of 19 to 9. A return game was played on the Santa Clara court. This time the Santa Clara girls were prepared for every emergency and expected to give us the worst thrashing they ever administered, but our girls were equally prepared, although our team had to play with seven instead of nine, with which number they had practiced every day. At the end of the game the score was 11 to 9 in our favor, thus showing once more our superiority over Santa Clara.

The next team destined to come under the awful power of our team was the Palo Alto High School, which was defeated by a score of 30 to 1 on Roble Court, Stanford. One good thing can be said for Palo Alto. They took their defeat like sportsmen and made friends instead of enemies.

The fourth game played was with Sequoia Union High, on our own grounds. Again our team proved too fast for Redwood, piling up a score of 19 to 11.

After the defeat of the Sequoia Union High, a challenge was sent to San Jose High. San Jose being a large school and having a large number to choose from, a very close game was expected, and at the end of the first half the score was 13 to 9 in favor of San Jose. In the second half our girls were determined not to let San Jose administer to them their first defeat, so accordingly they worked like Trojans, with the final result that they made 26 points to San Jose's 13.

Following this victory, a return game was played with Palo Alto upon our own grounds. Evidently Palo Alto had strengthened some, but not enough to win the game. The score this time was—Mountain View, 15; Palo Alto, 4.

Next to the return game with Santa Clara, the hardest fought battle was with the San Jose Normal, in

whose favor, at the close of the first half, the score stood 13 to 6. Again our girls' courage stayed with them until the last, and at the end of the second half the score was 15 to 15, making a tie game. The tie being played off, the Normal succeeded in gaining the first two points, thus awarding them the game.

This year the Pacific Academic League arranged to have a series of girls' basket ball games. Only four schools put teams in the field: San Jose, Santa Clara, Campbell and Mountain View. Mountain View defeated Campbell by a score of 34 to 5. San Jose having defeated Santa Clara, Mountain View and San Jose played for the championship on a neutral court at Stanford. Once more we won to the tune of 31 to 17, thus awarding to our girls the P. A. L. championship.

This year the school was able to enter six men in the track meet under the P. A. L. Three of the six men were able to place, Leslie Morton taking second place in the 440, Max Ish taking second in the half mile, and William Garliepp taking third in the two mile run, thus giving us seven points which were the most that have been won in the meets as yet.

The first annual field meet of the I. A. U. was held on the University of the Pacific track May 16. This league was formed for the further development of athletics in the smaller schools, they having no chance in the P. A. L. Many students in such a league as this will get out and train because they feel they are competing with their equals. In this way many good athletes worthy of competing in larger leagues are brought out, who, otherwise, would have been lost.

Although no records were broken, the meet was very exciting in every detail, and it was so very close that the winner was not decided upon until the relay was run. This year we took seven first places, thus establishing seven records.

Those winning points were:

2 mile—W. L. Garliepp, first; V. Smith, second.

Mile—R. Winnegar, third.

880 Yards—M. Ish, first.

440 Yards—L. Morton, first.

220 Yards—L. Morton, second.

100 Yards—M. E. Adams, third.

50 Yards—M. E. Adams, third.

120 Yard Hurdle—B. Mason, third.

220 Yard Hurdle—J. Urban, first.

High Jump—W. Goodwin and Adams, tie for second.

Broad Jump—J. Urban, second.

Shot—M. E. Ish, first; Adams, second.

Pole—B. Mason, first.

Relay—B. Mason, M. E. Adams, J. Urban, L. Morton.

Thus piling up a score of 60, whereas Los Gatos received 52, Campbell 32 and Morgan Hill (Live Oak) 3.

Not only has the school been able to support a football, basket ball and track team, but also a baseball team.

There is much good baseball material in the school, but many of the players being interested in track work, did not devote the proper amount of time to practice, and, therefore, did not do themselves justice.

The first game played was with the Santa Clara College Juniors. They won by a score of fourteen to eight. The second game was won by our boys from Sequoia, the score being eight to nine. A return game was played with Sequoia and they won by a score of nine to one.

Class Will

ALICE HILL '08

WE THE Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight, on retiring from our duties and studies at the Mountain View High School, do make, publish and declare this our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills made by us at any time heretofore.

Such estates as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give us, we dispose of as follows:

Item 1.—We give and bequeath to the Board of Trustees restful nights and peaceful dreams. We also promise them rest from all requests whatever from the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eight. It has often been hard for them to refuse our earnest pleadings, but they have done their duty and now have their reward.

Item 2.—To the Faculty of the Mountain View High School we give, devise and bequeath in the manner following:

To Professor A. L. Dornberger, the boys of the class do bequeath eleven kerosene lamps which they tried to make burn all last year, five little gasoline lamps that proved unsuccessful after a month or more of fair trial, and all the mopcloth that Coleman's Physics Manual advised. For the use of his future Physics class they leave the apparatus for testing the laws of falling bodies.

Furthermore, we give to him nine vacant desks, somewhat mutilated we must confess, by as many of us as possessed jack-knives, or the ability to ink monograms.

To Miss Williston, who has been our faithful teacher during our High School days, we give and present four old and worn copies of the "Lehrbuch," one copy of Virgil, and one copy of Cicero.

We also bequeath to her Eva Newman and Ewart Brightman, who are to be bright and shining stars in the firmament of German, and Victor Smith, who is to be the coming orator in the Cicero class.

To Miss Peckham, who has guided us safely through the great struggles of United States History and through the scenes of "Macbeth," we bequeath the present Junior class, hoping they will reach the schol-

Upper Row: Leslie Morton, Earl Adams, Bernard Mason, Will Goodwin, Wm. Garliepp.
Lower Row: Joe Urban, Victor Smith, Max Ish, Ray Winnegar.

astic attainments of their predecessors. We also bequeath the swords of Macduff and Macbeth, used by Max Ish and Claude Shull in their thrilling presentation of the eighth scene in the fifth act of "Macbeth."

To Miss Dillon we give ten thousand dollars, left by the bookkeeping class at the end of the year.

Item 3.—We give and bequeath to our best and beloved sister, the class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine, all the wealth of love and blessing she may need during her career in High School. Furthermore, we bequeath to her the dignity and good behavior of the Seniors.

We bequeath to the Sophomore class one tissue paper pattern, hoping they will go one step farther than the Juniors, and make baby bonnets instead of sunbonnets. We place in their hands all the old English books used by us in our Junior year, and two old and dilapidated copies of Cicero, bearing the names of William Garliepp and Max Ish.

To the Freshman class we give the following advice: Learn to work, if not to win; development comes sooner through bearing failures than through success. We advise them never to try the act of ducking Freshmen in the watering trough, for surely it will be a sad day for them if The Faculty happens around.

Item 4—The members of the class of '08 do hereby give and bequeath to the Mountain View High School as follows:

Max Ish, president of the class, and one of the most enthusiastic students of the school, wills the memory of his High School spirit, athletic skill, his honors won on the football field, the baseball diamond, and his famous records at the P. A. L. and I. A. U. track meets. Lastly, he bequeaths his handsomely embroidered track suit, his interests in athletics and his title of "Macduff."

Barbara Knox, who has been a faithful student for four years, bequeaths the editorship of the "Blue and Gray," and last but not least, she leaves to the girls of the Mountain View High School her suggestions for the decoration of the boys' track suits.

William Garliepp, who has helped to make the school one of prominence, and who has been "the busy man about the house," wills his interest in the Student Body and other organizations. To the boys of the school he gives the following advice: Never play with the girls, not even your own sister, and always keep in mind that renowned quotation, "Lest we forget."

William Goodwin, who has gained the love of the students during his short time in our High School, wills to the boys his latest book bearing the name, "How to Entertain the Girls."

Lastly, to our Alma Mater we bequeath our loyalty and love expressed by the palm, which we hope she will ever cherish as a pledge of our affection.

In witness whereof, we hereunto subscribe our name the eighteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eight.

CLASS OF NINETEEN EIGHT.

Essay on Fads

Barbara Knox '08

FADS! Who is not at least a passive follower of these popular innovations, these passing fancies, capricious hobbies and pursuits that temporarily engage popular attention and interest? For while we often make sport of the fadist, yet

"Nothing is tho't rare
Which is not new and follow'd."

This spirit of fadism prevails in and influences every phase of our existence. It has strongly affected the work of our men of inventive genius, with the usual result of the giving to the world of both worthless and valuable ideas. The time and energy that has been given in attempting to develop perpetual motion is beyond computation, till at length the United States Patent Office has declined to consider any further efforts on this evidently worthless fad. This Patent Office bears minute evidence of the many men who have labored to no purpose on other fads, equally impracticable with the one already mentioned. Yet what would the world of to-day be had it not been for the strong hold that the fad of telegraphy laid upon Morse? Or what would compensate us for the loss of developments in electrical lines by such men as Edison, Bell, Marconi, Thomson or Conrad, who for years, in the face of many obstacles, and oftentimes strong opposition, persisted in following those fads that have given to us the rapid means of communication, and in fact the almost innumerable conveniences of every-day life, to say nothing of results accomplished in the sciences?

There is nothing which shows more strikingly the ever-changing fancies of fads than the fashions of woman in dress. The pictures of our grandmothers reveal them in hooped skirts so extensive as to look impossible of admittance through an ordinary door, with hair quaintly drawn over cheek and ear, their sweet faces looking out from beneath poke bonnets. How strikingly now the contrast to the Merry Widow hat, tremendous in its size, crowning a highly reared pompadour with its foundation of rats! Contrast the sweeping trains of a few years past with the short skirt of to-day. Indeed the styles are such that one can scarcely distinguish between the woman of forty-five and the girl of sixteen.

These ever-changing fads of woman have afforded the men much amusement, but it is clearly a case of

people living in glass houses and throwing stones. The fads of men have passed through quite as striking changes, and it is doubtful if the petticoat itself has had a more varied history than those grim articles, trousers. Time was when every suspicion of a crease was conscientiously removed by the tailor before the garment was considered fit for wear. Now there must be a razor-edge crease down my gentleman's trousers, if he would be considered up-to-date. There have been short trousers, and long trousers, checked trousers, and striped trousers, trousers tight, and trousers baggy. The goods consumed in the great crinoline-lined sleeves of woman so much ridiculed in the past, may not be compared with the excessive amount of material required for the regulation trousers of the university man. In fact, where will you find a more striking fadist that the college man with his shapeless hat, and his wide trousers so extremely long that from two to three inches must be turned upward, and who, to be exactly "it," when seated must draw them up to such an extent one feels inclined to dive after them?

Perhaps one of the most notable fads of recent date that has demanded attention of educators and the general public is the Phonetic system of spelling. A reform in our present system is greatly urged by some. And surely the eliminating of silent and useless letters is commendable. Such a change has been in progress continually during the existence of the English language. Thus we find music spelled m-u-s-i-c instead of m-u-s-i-c-k, and economic e-c-o-n-o-m-i-c rather than o-e-c-o-n-o-m-i-c-k as formerly. This and only this, say members of the Simplified Spelling Board, is their object, phonetic in its broad sense being deemed impossible. Our spelling is the product of a very complex history of which its anomalies bear witness. Phonetic clipping will make it unhistorical, unfamiliar, and uncouth. Consider the degree to which library contents, books and poetry in particular, would suffer through a radical change. Judge for yourselves the perplexities that would arise in our public school system. Would a slight saving of type or handwriting suffice to repay us? Should this system be introduced, all the present plates of our standard works will be made both incorrect and valueless. A great gulf will be formed between the language, literature and even thoughts of the English speaking people on either side the Atlantic. The consent and co-operation of these communities must be gained before such a step can be accomplished, and there is but very little prospect that this can be obtained. In England, the crusade meets with criticism on every side, and in ridicule they ask us, "Who can believe that the framers of the Declaration of Independence would delight in calling it the D-e-k-l-a-r-a-s-h-u-n of I-n-d-e-p-e-n-d-u-n-c? But in contrast to this labor-saving, simplifying method, how nonsensical does that other fad appear which would change certain proper names by substituting and adding

vowels, transforming good, old-fashioned and substantial Smith into S-m-y-t-h-e?

The educators and school boards have been special targets for the fadists, some of whom appear to be one-idea cranks. While many of these educational schemes without doubt possess merit, others are either impracticable of themselves, or are rendered so by the extremes to which their advocates would have them carried. The commercial fadist would have us believe that there is nothing sublime but bookkeeping and commercial law, while the stenographic fadist reminds us most earnestly that there is nothing half so beautiful, half so important, half so necessary as the circles, right angles and perpendiculars which he employes as the outward signs of his inner spiritual thoughts. The musical fadist impresses us with the thought that in soothing the turbulent passions of youth, there is nothing like the concord of sweet sounds, and that the teaching of music should have a most important place in the curriculum of our public schools. The military fadist urges the necessity of preparing all our youth for the conquest of the world, teaching them the use of fire arms, and in every way possible fitting them for war. At present this is the very latest fad in the educational system of Chicago and other cities, entirely ignoring the fact that to war and fight are characteristics of every human heart to a greater or less extent, and that neither the success or happiness of the individual student is dependent on having these tendencies cultivated . It should appear evident to all that the environment and molding influences most to be desired for the youth of the land are those that will tend to check these natural tendencies and instead foster a disposition that will make for peace. However, before leaving this phase of fadism, it might be well to raise the question, "If all these fadists were granted their desires for place and time in our schools, where then would the common, but essential branches of reading, writing and arithmetic find their place in the curriculum?" Our schools are not instituted to fit students for trades and professions. They are maintained to develop their mental power. This acquired, they may use it in any direction desired. There are commercial, law and other special schools affording training in these various lines for which our public schools were not instituted.

Fads have placed a decided mark upon the English language, which is most noticeable in the slang phrases of the day. While it is true that the large majority of these expressions have their origin in an undesirable source and their use is to be discouraged, yet there have been a few notable exceptions. It is interesting to note how some of these have come down to us through many generations, and are still so popular that they have obtained a permanent place in the language. There are few today who stop to think that when they express their appreciation of a good com-

panion by the expression, "He's a brick," that this statement was first coined by Plutarch in his "Life of Lycurgas," who, in reply to a certain ambassador who had asked concerning the lack of fortifications for Sparta, pointed proudly to his army exclaiming, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick!" Nor does it occur to many that the well known expression, "You make me weary," is hoary with age, coming down to us from good old patient Job, who, speaking of one of his would-be comforters, remarked, "He hath made me weary." Many words a few years ago considered slang are now found in our standard dictionaries, such as "bulldoze." And of the numerous expressions, there are some that appear to have permanently entrenched themselves in our language, at least locally. "Up against it," "get next," "key down," or "cut it out" are phrases that today pass unchallenged, their meaning being so well understood, their use so general. The high schools and colleges have also contributed their share of language fads, which are generally in use among the students and their associates. Most of these are characterized by their effusive nature, for with them, everything is "perfectly lovely," "simply keen," or "just too darling for anything." Fads of this sort are merely transitory, and soon die a natural death.

Perhaps there is no place where fads have a stronger hold than in the sports that furnish us the pastimes of the day. And this is true in the sports of both old and young, as with each passing year we are reminded that there is still a kite time, a marble time, and a time for shinny with the boys; while the little girls are still playing "King William was King James' Son," and wearing out their shoe leather playing hop-scotch on the cement walks. These games have, in their appointed seasons, held sway in the juvenile world from time immemorial. But who of our grandfathers knew aught of polo or golf? On the other hand, we find cricket well-nigh dignified by its ancient existence with our British cousins, while baseball and football are perhaps the strongest fads in our American sports. We find many times that a fad, like history, repeats itself. So for many centuries the people of different nations have enjoyed the sport of skating. It has remained, however, for countries with a climate similar to California to give themselves over to ROLLER skating, to such extent that it places them among the fadists in this particular. Strange as it may seem, however, it has remained for two of our fads in sports to furnish the world with two of its most practical and needful utilities. I refer to the bicycle and automobile. Already the former has ceased to be looked upon as a means of sport and has become a well-nigh indispensable agency in the every-day life of a large portion of the people; while the latter, at first considered a luxury for the rich only, has speedily been impressed to serve the necessities of professional and business men.

Some of the modern fads have made, and are still making radical changes in our social and political life. It was comparatively but a few years since, that a few earnest men in some of the Northern States were considered extreme fadists because of their strenuous advocacy of abolition. It is not necessary to comment on the results of their persistent agitation. Equally modern in its origin is Socialism, considered by so many as a most chimerical fad. And yet it has steadily and rapidly gained adherence with each passing year, and, strange to say, drawing its followers from every walk of life. Not only the mechanic and clerk, but also the professional man and capitalist are found in large numbers in its ranks. It is true that with some of the latter it is a fad pure and simple, as with the society girls, living their butterfly lives in palatial homes with their rich furnishings and all the luxury that wealth has so thoroughly learned to appropriate for itself in this twentieth century. Amidst these rich surroundings, they glibly converse on their pet theme, enlarging upon "the greatest good for the greatest number," the "submerged tenth," the "cohesion of the masses," the "single tax," "government ownership and universal brotherhood"—phrases portraying so much to the earnest socialist, but so meaningless to these pets of society. And then, when the dire need of some settlement girl is brought to their attention, in their eagerness to practice the fad they have adopted, they contribute to her necessity a bracelet, a muff, or a vanity box.

Temperance, as a fad, originated not much more than fifty years ago, at which time it was brought up in a conference of one of the popular religious denominations (of course, it was brought up for the third time before it was passed, for fadists though they were, they were still human, and afraid to take hold of anything new before it had been tried) but it was at length decreed that from this time, henceforth and forever more, none of its ministers should sell any spirituous liquors. They should only sell Bibles, tracts, etc. And the rest of the churches held up their hands in horror. saying their ministers would starve. At this time, liquor was sold in all grocery stores for TABLE USE. It was essential to have liquor in case of a bad cold, pain in the head, pain in the chest, in fact, any kind of a pain; for yellow fever, smallpox, chickenpox, anything you catch or that catches you. The early temperance advocates met their best success in the East and Middle West, the entire States of Maine and Kansas becoming prohibition States. But during the last decade, a most marvelous temperance movement has been in progress in the South, so that those states which had become a by-word for whisky and moon-shining, have now entirely or in part become prohibition States.

"I dreamed a dream of miracles; I saw the Russians free;

I saw the bar-rooms close their doors in Memphis, Tennessee;
I saw the laden camel pass thru the needle's eye;
I saw the trust that paid its fine; saw old Kentucky dry."

Of those States which are but partially prohibition, Kentucky is a fair example. With 119 counties, 92 enjoy full prohibition, 23 are dry with the exception of a few towns, while 4 are as yet unaffected by the movement. Thus one travelling from Louisville, Kentucky, through Western Tennessee to Memphis, thence through Mississippi from end to end, passes through but one drink town. The accompanying results of this movement are a marked lessening of crime in those communities, an emptying of the jails, a betterment of home conditions, and increased prosperity. Its marvelous growth and permanent victories gained, have lifted it from the list of fads, and entitled it to be classed with other successful movements, as the abolition of slavery.

Roll on, O wave of Temp'rance,
Cease not thy mighty sweep,
Hold not thy restless surgings,
Nor still thy voices deep
Until thy mighty billows
Have swept the whole earth round,
And e'en our own fair valley
Has put the grog-shop down.

Thus we have seen that great and beneficial movements have their origin as fads. Their merits, and the earnestness of their advocates determine the relation eventually sustained toward them by the public. The fad that is sensible will last. The one without reason will die. Then let the fads run on. If they are good, we shall soon overtake them; if otherwise they will be left far behind, like a great wave that leaves its line of foam upon the beach until the rising tide of progress overtakes it, when it ceases to be a fad, and becomes a commonplace.

Jack's "Curl"

NELLIE GARLIEPP '09

JACK HUNT had just entered Marmon Academy much against his own will. He had intended to enter West Point with a chum, but was unable to do so. He had made up his mind when he entered the Academy to get out just as soon as possible.

One evening as he was sitting in his room, wishing he were at West Point, the track captain, Ralph Page, entered, and after exchanging a few words, asked him if he would get out and train for track.

"No; I don't care to take up athletics this term," was his reply. The football captain was given the same answer the next day.

"Oh, he's an old stiff anyway. That's a fine way to show school spirit," exclaimed the captains. It was soon circulated around the academy that "that old Soph. wouldn't enter athletics."

"He's afraid he'll get hurt," suggested one. "Maybe his mother won't let him," said another. Such were the remarks that passed between the younger members during the day. Soon everyone began to shun Jack. No wonder they were "down on him." In two weeks Marmon was to enter into a field meet with Manzanita, Cornis and Benson colleges. Marmon had won the trophy for two years. If they could win it this year they could keep it. But they had no one for the high hurdles nor the mile run. Without that, they were sure to be beaten. And Jack was just the right fellow to enter as he had been noted for his splendid athletic ability while in High School, but he wouldn't do it.

Yet Jack had one loyal friend, and he was a little fellow in the grades. Every one called him "Curls" because of his brown curly hair. He was the first one Jack saw when he entered the academy. He was immediately attracted to the little fellow, and since then had often helped him with his lessons. So when every one deserted him, little "Curls" was loyal.

It was the day before the meet. Jack had said that he WOULD NOT go. That evening Curls came around to his room.

"Say, Jack," said the little fellow, "won't you please go to the game with me to-morrow? All the boys are going, but you. I'd like to go, but I don't want you to be here alone."

"Why Curls," exclaimed Jack, touched by the little

fellow's loyalty, "you don't mean to say that you are going to stay home just to keep me company, do you?"

"Well, not just 'zactly that, but I don't like to see you stay, when all the other fellers are goin'."

"All right, Curls, you and I shall go." The little fellow smiled and went away happy.

The next day dawned bright and clear. "A fine day for a meet," said Jack, as he and Curls were going to the grounds.

"Bet it is, but I'm terribly afraid we'll lose. I just heard Page say that he had no one for the mile or high hurdles. We've had that trophy for two years, now. My, but I'd hate to see them lose it. I wish I were big enough and I'd enter myself. I'd do anything just to win. It must be fine to be able to do something along the lines of athletics for the school. There's Page, now. Looks as gloomy as a mummy, doesn't he? Poor fellow, he wants to win that trophy so badly. He worked like a Trojan to get those boys in condition and now he's afraid he'll lose."

Just then Jack heard a man on the grand stand say. "Marmon won't win this meet. She hasn't anyone for the mile or high hurdles."

"Yes she has," thought Jack to himself, as he turned to his little companion and said, "Curls, you run up and sit with the rooters. I'm going to see Page."

He turned and left his companion dumbfounded. "Why, the idea! Jack going to see Page! What's he thinking of, anyway? Page won't even look at him. I hate to see them snub Jack so. He's a fine fellow." And his loyal companion went to his seat.

"Say, Page," said Jack, "who's going to enter for the mile and high hurdles?"

"Mile and high hurdles?" sneered Page. "You know who's going to enter. Davis is of course, and he's about as good as nothing. Fine chance to win, we have. It makes me sick," and with that he turned his back upon Jack.

"Page, will you let me enter for the mile and high hurdles?" he asked doubtfully.

"You for the mile and high hurdles! Why, man you must be crazy. You haven't had an hour's training," replied the captain.

"That doesn't make any difference. Will you enter me?" he added quietly.

"All right, you can try," the captain replied, rather abashed at the other's coolness.

Jack went to the training quarters a new man. He felt as though he had something to do, and meant to do it. The other boys grinned when he came in. "Have you an extra suit?" He politely asked of one of the boys. He was given one which he quickly donned, and then left the training quarters with the other men.

One event after another was called. Marmon was two points behind Benson College. The green and gold of Benson were flying in the air. Their yells were clear and they had plenty of them. The Marmon

rooters were doing their best. Their cardinal and white were floating nobly in the breeze. They were trying their best to cheer their men on to victory. But when the pole-vault was lost to Benson, there seemed no hope. "We'll never win. We haven't anyone for the high hurdles or the mile run. We can't possibly win," said one of the boys.

"Hip, Ra! There's Jack. Now we'll win! Good for you Jack!" All the rooters turned. There was little Curls, waving his cardinal pennant triumphantly. When the crowd looked over the field again, there was a new man wearing the cardinal. "Who's he?" "Wonder if he can do anything." Such were the comments on all sides, when the athletic form of Jack appeared.

"Wonder what old duff Page has now," remarked one of the Maron men.

"Say, there, feller, that's Jack Hunt. He's goin' to do the mile 'nd high hurdles. We're goin' to win, too," yelled Curls. The others looked at him and smiled. Jack looked up, and scanned the grandstand, until he saw Curls. He waved his hand and smiled, too.

The race began. Jack was one behind the Benson man. He knocked one of the hurdles over. It was quickly set up again. The Benson man seemed to be gaining. Jack, with a determined look on his face, characteristic of him, put forth his best efforts. He was gaining. Now they were even. Then Jack made one final try, and fell over the line exhausted. He had won. There was a deafening yell from Marmon. Hats went into the air. Cheer after cheer was given for Hunt. Curls was so excited that he merely yelled, "Jack! Jack!" Jack was being hurried to the training quarters. The doctor looked at his leg. It was quite badly hurt. When Ralph came out again his face wore an anxious look.

"What's the matter with Hunt?" some one yelled. In a short time every one knew that Jack had been hurt. Again cheers arose. Curls' face was downcast. He was troubled. "I hope he isn't hurt much," he said. "Oh, don't worry, sonny. There he comes. He's all right," replied a stranger. Curls' face lighted up when he saw him.

The coach had been trying to get Jack to stay out of the mile. "No," he replied, "I'm going to run, and I'm going to win."

Page smiled. "He's a fine fellow, he is," remarked the coach.

Everything was ready. If Marmon could only win the mile, they would win by one point. When Jack came out, the Marmon rooters went "wild." The men were lined up. The signal was given. The Benson man and Jack started out at a slow jog. The Manzanita and Cronis were close behind them. Soon Cronis began lagging and finally dropped out, and then Manzanita did the same. Jack and the Benson man kept even until the last lap. Then Benson began to sprint. Jack continued to jog along. It looked as though Ben-

son would win, when Jack began to sprint. He came nearer and nearer to his opponent, and finally passed him. He crossed the line just about two feet ahead of him. He lay exhausted on the ground. The coach with the aid of others helped him to the training room. It seemed as though the people were mad. More than one cheer was sent up from all sides. But Curls was the happiest. He stood there yelling, "Jack! Jack!" and came running to Jack's room. Jack looked up and smiled. "We've won," cried Curls.

That night there was a banquet at Marmon Academy. Many were the toasts to Jack Hunt. Many were the cheers and congratulations. During the festivities, Jack slipped out, and when he entered the room again, he bore a night-gowned figure in his arms. It was Curls. "Speech, speech!" shouted the boys as he re-entered. Jack lifted the little fellow up and said with a steady voice: "This is the one you must thank for winning the game. He did it. It was through him that I was made to enter this meet," and he told how little Curls had roused his school spirit.

Then one of the boys arose and said with a smile, "Come on, boys. Three cheers for Jack and Jack's 'Curl,' " as he was afterwards called.

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P. MILTON SMITH
Editor

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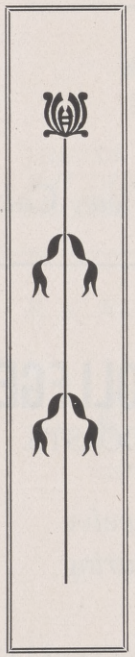

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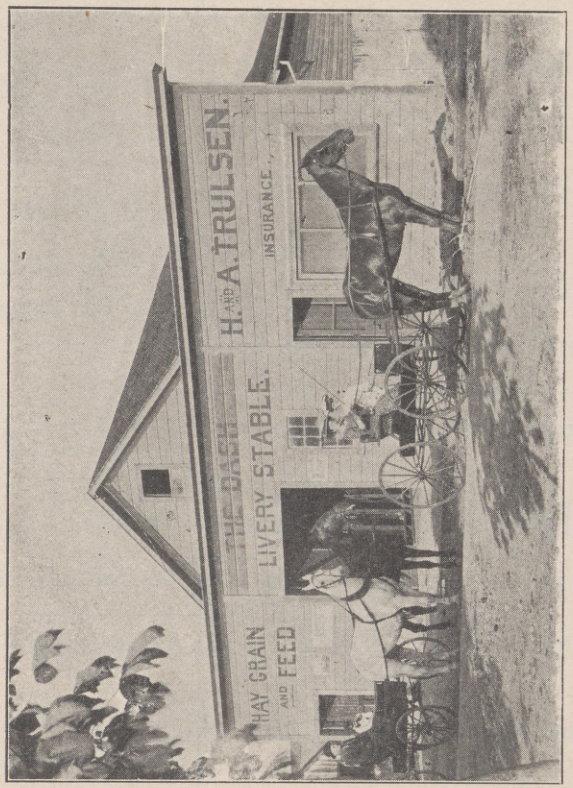

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